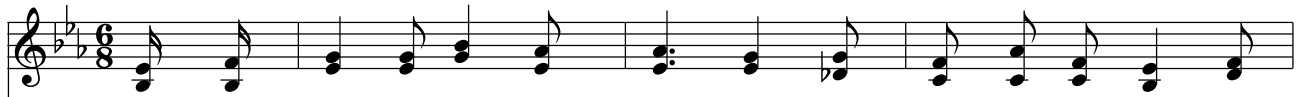


He Never Forgets His Own

Ethel Maude Colson Brazelton, 1911

Thoro Harris

♩=85



1. Do you think the Lord for - gets you, Be - cause you must fight and
2. Do you think be - cause your heart aches With ang - uish and cru - el
3. Do you think be - cause the sor - row Which all hu - man hearts must
4. Do you think be - cause your loved ones Lie cold in the grave, and
5. We are all His blood - bought child - ren; He holds ev - ery soul as



pray, And reap the bit - ter har - vest You've been sow - ing from day to
pain, And life's bright, gold - en sun - shine Is sha - dowed by storm and
know, Has come to claim your dar - ling, The loved one you cher - ished
still— You can - not hear their voic - es Or work out their care - less
dear As you do the way - ward ba - by Who creeps to your heart so



day? That tho' you may toil and suf - fer, He ne - ver will heed your
rain? Of mu - sic sub - dued or si - lenced You hear but the un - der -
so— The joy of your life has van - ished, Which fond - ly you called your
will— The strug - gle you made to - ge - ther, Must now all be fought a -
near; And if we would on - ly list - en, We'd hear Him in ten - derest



moan? That Je - sus the Lord for - gets you? He ne - ver for - gets His own.
- tone? That Je - sus the Lord for - gets you? He ne - ver for - gets His own.
own— That Je - sus the Lord for - gets you? He ne - ver for - gets His own.
- lone, That Je - sus the Lord for - gets you? He ne - ver for - gets His own.
tone, "Fear not, My be - lov - èd child - ren, I ne - ver for - get My own."

